

64 I5
13
opy 1





Class PS 3543

Book A 64 T 5

Copyright No. 1913

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

IN THE BLUE

BY

AIDNA VAN ORDEN



The Knickerbocker Press

NEW YORK

1913

PS 3543
A.64 T.5
1913

COPYRIGHT, 1913
BY
AIDNA VAN ORDEN

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

H.Z.W.

© 1913 by Knickerbocker Press

“ NEVER descrying an end in his infinite,
Beats as he may little bird in the blue.”

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SEA-GULL	1
THE SHORE AT NIGHT	2
ART AND NATURE	4
LIFE AT FIFTEEN	6
LOVE'S BRINGING	8
THE RIDDLE	9
THE RIVIERA	11
ANCESTRAL HOME	13
A CHRISTMAS SONG	15
TOWARD LIGHT	17
DAPHNE.	18
CANOE SONG	20
FOR THE NEW YEAR	21
MESSAGE-ROSE	23
VOYAGERS	24
SONNET	26
NOTRE DAME	28
IN NAPOLI	30
THE GYPSY HEART	31
LOVE SONG	33

	PAGE
A SUMMER SOUVENIR	34
THE GIFT	36
SONNET	37
A FROZEN WATERFALL	39
IN LATER DAYS	42
A DREAM PORTRAIT	46
SAPPHIC VERSE	49
LIGHT	51
MEMORY	54
BON VOYAGE	55
NORWAY	57
SCOTLAND	58
ENGLAND	59
JAPAN	60
THE MARSEILLAISE	61
DEATH	62
MONA LISA TO LEONARDO	63
A SUMMER DAY	65
FROM HORACE'S ODES—ADVICE TO LICINIUS	66
SONNET	69

IN THE BLUE

THE SEA-GULL

MY soul rides out with thee,
Out on the stormy sea,
O wild affinity,
Bird in the blue!

Poising strong wings on high,
Seeing but waves and sky,
It is so far to fly,
Up in the blue.

This stormy life of mine
And that wild life of thine
Both seek the self-same sign,
Out in the blue.

Both search infinity—
What that far land may be,
Beyond the sky and sea,
Beyond the blue.

THE SHORE AT NIGHT

THE beach and little waves and wide,
wide sky,
The half-grown moon and floods of
silver light,
No modern world, ambition, power, nor
praise
Can touch the stillness of the primal
night.

Many another wanderer on the sand
Of this same shore, 'neath this same
shining sky,
Has sat him down to dream in wild
content
By moon and sea in ages long gone by.

Many and many has the moon looked
on,

Coming and going like the springtime
grass.

Here did a mighty city stand of yore—
These things are nothing as the æons
pass.

And thou beside me! As I speak thy
name,

Among thine own an honored name
enow,

No name hast thou in face of this wide
world,

And I am nameless too—just I and
Thou.

We have found peace to-night in this
our life,

There is no harm here if we sleep or die.

We shall lie safe against the good to
come

Here on the sand dunes 'twixt the sea
and sky.

ART AND NATURE

WE give our lives to art, to paint anew
The graceful form or brilliant evening sky,
The meadow and the clouds, the rose's hue,
The sheep and lonely shepherd passing by.

But oh, how poor all art is when we see
The thrilling, throbbing blue of summer noon,
The dimpling water and the wind-blown tree,
The purple sky and great gold Harvest moon!

We give our lives to music, dreaming yet
Of harmonies for ever old and new,
Some lovelier song the world can ne'er
forget,
Some melody to live the ages through.

But one day I was walking by the shore,
And far across the blue and living sea
A little clear-toned bell rang—Never-
more

I knew as then the joy of harmony.

O thrilling world of color, light, and
sound!

I look and listen till my soul, too small,
Can drink in no more beauty, dazed
and drowned

In that blue fire of sunlight whelming
all.

LIFE AT FIFTEEN

THE world to youth is like a place
 illumined and made gay
As is a rugged landscape by the glory,
 Not of the sun descending in its fury
Which gathers all hot passions from the
 fiery glowing day,
But of the rising sun when with its soft
 and gentle ray
It touches with its holy kisses all rough
 places bare
And throws its warm and rosy light so
 sweetly pure and fair
Across our path, as youth's glad spirit
 on our life's rough way.

But when the new day quickly passes on
to noon's bright height,
As do our lives from their bright rosy
dawning,—
For short, so short, is life's brief
fleeting morning—
The soul sees clear and understands in
its new stronger sight
Much that was hid or tinted by the
dawning's rosy light;
And as the rays grow strong and warmer
so the passions' fires
Of love, of good and evil deepen, and
all soul's desires,
Until at last life's restless day fades into
peaceful night.

LOVE'S BRINGING

O LOVE, for many a weary year
I waited for thee,
I feared thou might'st be straying near
But passing o'er me.

I prayed that I might know at last
The joy compelling,
That peace and comfort which thou hast
All joys excelling.

But Love—thy only gift is pain,
No storms abating,
O Love, please give me back again
My days of waiting.

THE RIDDLE

THE riddle of the world is wondrous
change

Of birth and death in endless wave and
tide,

Dust that was sun and will be sun again,
Land that was sea on some lost ocean
side;

Life that was low in crystal or in worm,
Life that was flame of some self-con-
scious soul,

Low shall be high and highest low again.
Birth, death, and change will make the
cycle whole.

Motion is life. Is never rest to be
Nor last still death of planet, star, and
sun?

What is the end? The children may
not see—

The Riddle's primer is but just begun.

THE RIVIERA

O BOW of sunshine bending round
the sea,

O curving shore with palms and olives
drest,

O little isles, the home of saints of old,
In thy warm lap give weary pilgrims
rest!

Ye ruined castles watching on the hills
Were warders in those days of long ago
When Saracen and pirate swept the
sea

And filled the fisher towns with bloody
woe.

Ye saw the cruel wars of robber lords,
The passionate hates of Guelph and
Ghibelline,

Madonnas saving and Madonnas blind,
And miracles of hermit cave and shrine.

But ever thro' those long two thousand
years

The fisher folk lived simple lives and
free,

The warmest sun and bluest skies were
theirs

And ever on the rocks that blue, blue
sea.

O blesseèd land! O real Earth Paradise!
O thou sweet shore, a stormless azure
bow,

Grant wanderers an eternal summer-
time,

Safe from the mistral and the Alpine
snow!

ANCESTRAL HOME

WHAT are you dreaming, little
Syrian maid,
Of waving palm trees and long level
sand,
Of camels coming homeward to the
night,
Familiar sights and sounds of your far
land?

Born here, you say, and never saw the
East,
You in whose eyes the mystic Orient
reigns,
A face which Persian Omar might have
sung
And little fingers made for henna stains.

Your mother knows these things, you
say, and oft
At sunset, when is time to kneel in
prayer,
She turns toward Mecca and the holy
East,
Craving the Call thro' the still evening
air.

Once more she yearns to feel the burning
sun,
Not the pale sunshine of this Northern
clime,
Once more to carry the stone pitchers
down
To the great well in the cool evening
time.

So you sit dreaming, little Western
born,
Into the sunset, letting your soul roam
Away across the desert, midst the palms,
Feeling, you know not why, so far from
home.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

O'ER Juda's hills in quiet sleep,
Where shepherds wild their
charges keep,
Clear came the call through silence deep.
The sweet refrain with glad acclaim
Swelled with the glowing roseate flame
And angels' snowy wings unfurled,—
“Sing, sing, glad heart, the Child has
come,
Has come to still the weeping of the
world.”

Oh wondrous night of long ago
When Heaven bent to Earth so low,
She listening with rapt ear to know
The Master's will, in mystic calm
Lay lulled in silence' holy balm

So still—till hark, the heavens ring,
“Oh greet the Child, the Child has
come,
Glad welcome to the Babe Divine we
sing.”

Those poor Judæans long ago
With opened eyes could see and know
And find the Child in his manger low.
Oh might our eyes this Christmas night
See flaming skies and the angels bright
And white wings flashing as we hear
The anthem swell, “The Light has
come,
Now steal away, O shades of darkness
drear!”

TOWARD LIGHT

A S quiet after storm,
As sunshine after rain,
As day must follow night,
So rest comes after pain.

What if the path is dark nor any ray
Of light we see—the shades will flee
away.

Oh the sweet hope we have
That sometime by and by
We 'll rise above the clouds
And lift our heads on high,
While on our faces falls the waiting
peace
And the wild dreaming of the night shall
cease.

DAPHNE

WHY does gentle Daphne wear
Rosy blossoms in her hair,—
Rosy buds with dewdrops gleaming,
In a garland fresh and fair?
For the winds all perfume laden
Bring their message to the maiden
In her spring of happy dreaming
Rich and rare.

Wand’ring down the grassy way
With a dancing sunbeam’s ray
On her cheek so faintly blushing
Kissed by many a sunshine fay,
She is near the Spring’s heart-beating,
She is answering to the greeting
Of the earth and sky all flushing
With the May.

Spring of life and Spring of spring.
Sweet and clear the Voices ring,
 Gaily calling the death-saddened
World to raise her voice and sing.
Leave the shadows and the sighing,
Come with Daphne, All-defying,
 See the earth with May-life gladdened
Blossoming.

CANOE SONG

OVER the water the swift canoe
Glides in the morning bright,
Sing as the paddle in silence dips,
Sing as the silvery water slips
Dripping in gleams of light.

Sing—for warm is the sunshine clear,
Sing—for youth and warm life are dear,
Sing the earth in her springtime here.

Past is the beach of the Silver Sands;
Swirling the light canoe
The stream leaps far from the hills
above
The great blue hills where the cloud-
shapes move,
Robes of the Manitou.

Sing—for heart and arm are strong,
Let the swell of the swinging song
Sweep the heights of the hills along.

FOR THE NEW YEAR

BACK to the shadows where the
æons sleep,

We gave it whence it came

The worn old year,

But we the labor of its life must keep.
The good is added to the marching time,
The evil is with God for good sublime,
O weary year thou 'st earned at last
release,

Peace be with thee evermore, aye peace.

Let for the new a joyous welcome glow,
For hope is ever young
While life is life,

So very old the ceaseless ebb and flow,
But still we, dreaming, think with each
new tide

That higher on the shore the surges ride.

Each year more bravely work the
laborers skilled,

Each year draws nearer to the work
fulfilled.

And thou, new year.

May all things great and good with thee
prevail.

We give thee joyous greeting—hail, all
hail.

MESSAGE-ROSE

“ **I**F you love me, dear, wear a rose to-night,

If violets—no;

I will watch and wait for my whole life’s light

In the flowers which blow.”

And see what he writes at the letter’s close—

“ *Not* the violets, love, but the rose, the rose!”

’T is of crimson deep and the petals fair
Like soft velvet fine;

Ah, red rose, the glow in my heart is there

As it is in thine!

For the maidens dead are the roses white,

But not one who lives as I live to-night.

VOYAGERS

A STEADY stream of travelers to the sea,
The wondrous sea of Death with noiseless tide,
Across the land of Is and Long Has Been,
Ever pour onward to that ocean side.

Love is the meeting of the voyagers lone,
A touch of warmth, a clinging human hand
To be a little comfort on the road
To the lost children through the unknown land.

And some there be who dream that far
away

Lies the White City of the Journey's
End,

A vision of the greater worlds to be,
The reason for the unknown way we
wend.

They see the gleaming of a wondrous
flame,

They walk with faces lifted to the light,
Among the crowds who blindly push and
fall,

They are the gods for whom there is no
night.

SONNET

FREEDOM from world-old tyrannies
I see,
Freedom from myth and those old
childhood fears,
Dread of the phantom dark and death
who rears
His head avenging. A great liberty
Seems in my grasp. I even seem to be
One with the gods, for ever in my ears
The voice is ringing, “Rise, for he who
hears
The Idol-Breaker’s call—he shall be
free!”

He shall be free. Was ever dream so
wild!

The freedom of the world lies just the
same

Beyond this prison, and the god, turned
child,

Cries for thy comfort. Let us play
the game

Together, thou and I, my pain beguiled.

What does life say to thee, O little
flame?

NOTRE DAME

CATHEDRAL of Our Lady, throned
on high!

From Paris' busy streets and garish light,
The great cathedral's aisles so vast and
dim

To rest and dream our weary souls invite.
Upon the pavement falls the sunshine
bright

But soft and warm, dyed with a ruddy
glow

From the great stained-glass windows'
varied height,

Marking the hours with steady hand
and slow

As through the drift of storied centuries
they go.

Through the still air there floats a low
sweet chant,
Borne down among the rows of pillars
tall,
It rises, sinks, and softly dies away
While to the listening soul the ages' call
It seems, and, peering thro' the shadows'
pall,
He looks to see the glint of martyrs'
wings
And see the saints come from their
long-home wall.
It is the Spirit of the Past that sings,
And back to long-lost days our dreaming
souls it brings.

IN NAPOLI

SANTA LUCÍA! Clear across the
wave,
The purple water and the golden light,
The fisher girls are singing 'neath the
moon
A song in blending with the velvet
night,
Santa Lucía! Santa Lucía!

O Napoli la bella! In a dream
Enchantment holds us by thy curving
shore.
In one far land the lotus was the charm,
But here 't is music holds us evermore.
Santa Lucía! Santa Lucía!

THE GYPSY HEART

O GYPSY hearts that have no rest
for longing
Who wander through the roads of all
the world,
Most lonely where the greatest crowds
are thronging,
Aye in the open for your tents are
furled;

Ye never find a faith to match your
yearning,
Ye never touch the gold at Rainbow's
End,
Ye never know a love that has no turn-
ing,
Nor meaning in the wistful way ye
wend.

But ye have joy in your eternal roaming—

Ye know the beauty of the unbought day,

The nights are yours, the love cry in the gloaming,

And that great luring road—the Gypsies' Way.

LOVE SONG

IN thy far home beside the azure sea,
I wonder if thou 'rt dreaming still
of me,
For I can think of nothing else but thee.

The world goes on, day after day the same,
Yet world and life to me are but a name,
My life mounts up with thine as flame
with flame.

What matter if a great sea rolls between!
My heart goes out to thine by ways unseen,
For this is surely what our Fate must mean.

A SUMMER SOUVENIR

THE fragrant petals of a faded rose
Lie hidden in my "treasure box"
with care,
A bud which died before it could disclose
Its heart's full beauty to the summer
air.

Only a bud, a little harmless flower,
Of all sweet babes most innocent and
fair,
Yet it has caused me quite a troubled
hour
In cogitating—why I put it there.

What mem'ries sweet in your faint
odors bide
Of dance or drive or stroll in shady
dell?

Why need you now so close your secret
hide?

It was mine once. Tell, tell—why
won't you tell?

At last the drawer reluctantly I shut,
All I can do is give free fancy scope,
You tantalizing little rosebud—but
Next time I 'll write it on the envelope.

THE GIFT

WE seek that life some wondrous
gift should fling
Into our waiting arms—some strange
great thing,
We know not what—we ask the years
to bring.

But as the time goes on we dimly see
The only gift of fate to you and me
Is life itself—the very years which flee.

SONNET

B EYOND the veil that shadows death
and birth,
In those strange days of other lives gone
by,
In some wide land of sun and flaming sky
We shared our days of sadness and of
mirth.
Perchance 't was when the Morning of
the Earth
Made all things young and tides of life
ran high,
We loved our love and sighed our heart-
break sigh,
And gave and took from life what life
was worth.

The when or how's forgotten, but I
know
That I have known you, dear, and loved
you there
Beyond that Sea of Change. Half
memories through
My heart are stirring at your speaking—
so,
Your look, your perfect understanding
where
The rest are blind. Do you remember
too?

A FROZEN WATERFALL

THE little stream that murmuring on
its way,

Went gladly leaping like a happy
child,

Was met by Winter's icy breath one day,
Which checked the joyous course of
water wild.

Now from the height where foaming
torrents leap,

Caught and festooned in many a
dainty fold,

Curtains of finest lace-work drape the
steep

Whose wind-blown loops the tasseled
ice-bands hold.

Cushions of deep and softest velvet white
Are piled in many a rest-inviting heap,
But e'en though tempting to the weary
sight,
We may not rest—beware the long
snow-sleep.

And when the sunlight's golden rays
adorn
Pillar and arch, great dome and
fretted cave
The tints of flowers that on the brink
were born
Remain and the white purity re-
lieve.

Flower spirits which so love their
summer home
That they unheeding winter's chill-
ing wind,
With colors soft deck their loved
streamlet's foam,
Which still and cold the Frost-King's
fingers bind.

There might the fairies hold their half-year's court,
In many a palace grand and stately hall;
Of all the marvels by the Ice-King wrought,
The greatest is a frozen waterfall.

IN LATER DAYS

“WE are the gods,” we cry these
later days,
The gods have fallen, child tales are
they all,
Jehovah and the Buddha and the rest,
Phantoms fashioned by the mind of man
And changing with the changing of the
age.
Old gods are dead and no new gods are
born.
Nature the mighty brought us here,
we say,
And we the mightier take her work in
hand
To much improve thereon, for she is
blind

And very faulty so her work has been.
But we the Intellect, the Reasoners now
Shall change the world and change the
breed of men

To beings who shall live unnatural lives
By measures which we make to measure
by,

Our standards and our Rules of Right
and Wrong;

By Science and the Higher Reasoning.
Turning from Nature and her inborn
lore

Binding and fast'ning her and stifling
back

The knowledge brought us through a
million years

Of pain and love and war against the
world—

As if one man with his threescore and
ten

Could match against that ghostly an-
cestry!

Futile it is and very childlike as

The babe who beats his mother with soft
hands

Thinking his way is better than her own.
The mighty mother, Life, whose many
babes

Blindly she bore, not knowing how nor
why

Their future nor the reason for their
birth,

Is always striving for a better child,
Perfect and nobly formed and fit to live
And hold his own in the rough war of
worlds.

Experiments she tried and some were
good,

And some not to her liking she let die,
As wandering from her thought of use-
fulness,

As lacking in respect to her known law.

We are no gods, but just a child of
Chance,

Developed from the life-blood of the
world

Down the long ages of experiment,
From the first quickening of primordial
ooze.

And Life will warm us in her breast
while we

Keep to her laws nor kill ourselves with
pride,

Dreaming our morals better than her
own,

Dreaming us greater than our Million
Years.

A DREAM PORTRAIT

A shadowy face
Half seen through dusky masses of warm
hair,
Soft in the tender touching of a dream,
With eyes so deep and dark that light
is lost
In their far depths
As black upon the snow absorbs the sun;
And such sweet lips as children love to
kiss
On which pure innocence will ever lie.

A saintly face,
Yet not an icy saint—for she is life,
Life, O my dream-girl, in its fullest glow
Of quickening fire, passion flushed, and
still

So pure a spirit.

The shadowy veil is drawn away and then
The bright lips smile upon me as I gaze,
The while her clear pale cheek will flush
as if

She too were pleased.

Her mouth is childlike still, for neither
sneer

Nor word of harshness nor of hard'ning
hate

Has passed it, but her eyes are old, so
old.

For they have seen

The sorrow of the world and grievous
sin.

Those Mighty Ones have touched but
left no scar

For she has healing for the wounds they
make.

O my fair Dream!

I know that I shall keep that spirit face
To cheer my way, as straying in the dark
I try to wander back upon the path.

A dream—but life;
Dark shadows shroud her—yet she is
most real;
She does not live—yet truly lives for
me.

If only I may ever understand
. As well as now
All that her glorious eyes would say
perhaps—

Who knows? When we have felt our
way beyond
And come at last into that Place where
all

The lights are lit,
But I may find her, O my dream, my
love,
And she will take me by the hand and
say,
“Come, dear, with me, for you and I
have known
Each other long.”

SAPPHIC VERSE

SAD is our fate in these new days of science,

Seeing the world in its true naked meaning,

Torn are the veils of all our lost illusions,
Showing the real truths.

Love was divine in our old days of dreaming,

Lovers touched hands in life's soft
misty darkness,

Known of the gods and fore-ordained
for ages,

Loved in illusion.

Love is naught now but a compound of atoms

Bound hard and fast by chemical attraction,
“I love” and “thou lov’st” an affair of physics,
Fit for the chemist.

Where is the romance of the storm-tossed sailor
And those brave ships, the Hearts of Oak of England?
They are all gone, all gone to make a way for
The Lusitania.

All soon will go, poetry of the unknown,
Amethyst clouds fading into the clear day,
But still remain the interstellar spaces Left for exploring.

LIGHT

OUR yearning, sweetheart, lasts
while we are living,
Our yearning for life's colors. We have
joy
In that great shadowy, many-sided
prism,
The wondrous prism of the living
world.
The light shines through it, making
many colors
And just our glimpse of beauty makes
our joy.
We yearn because there is so much of
beauty,
We know that there is more than we
can dream.

I see your soul, the sea, the sky all azure,
I see the sunshine on those great white
birds,
I see in blending green and gold and
crimson,
The iridescent splendor of the world!
Love, we are dreamers in this world of
color,
Colors of beauty, mystic meaning, joy;
We see beyond the violet of the prism,
The hues increase with our new powers
of vision;—
And as we gaze we are dazed and
drowned with seeing.
Hush, whisper now, if we were not so
blinded,
We'd see all blend in one white light,—
that's God.
Could we see that we should be freed
from bondage,
Freed from all tints of passion, feeling,
thinking,
Colorless all in the white light of God.

This will not be until the Prism's
broken,

Then we shall see Direct the Light
Divergent.

MEMORY

FOR three short months I knew you
and your love,
Forbidden love which did not dare to
own
Itself in words, and so we looked and
dreamed,
And in our dreams we were no more
alone.

Now you are gone, and I try hard to
sing;
The world looks dim, the lights grow
less and less—
I hope you kept some comfort from those
days,
For all that I have left is loneliness.

BON VOYAGE

ONE June day he went away,
On a longed-for holiday,
On a steady Cunard ship
For the Mediterranean trip.
Sailing now toward Italy
All the wonders there to see.
In that land of faery gold,
He will see the temples old
Roman gods held long ago,
And those hills so green and low
Clustering round fair Tivoli
Where Horace wrote his poetry.

In a funny little train
He will cross a dusty plain,
Coming down to Naples gay,
Lying round its sapphire bay.

Here the day is always noon,
Here one's heart will stay in tune,
Here the people's soul is song.
Mingling with the merry throng
Mem'ries of his life will go,
In a dream he 'll only know
Joy to hear the harmony
And feel the charm of Napoli.

With a red Baedeker book,
Shepherded by Father Cook,
He will muse in Florence, where
O'er rich past and treasures rare
The Duomo's shadow falls,
Weird Savonarola calls.
Venice too, the Island Queen,
Offers many a sumptuous scene,
Set with strange love plays and grim.
All Italy is waiting him.
Oh, what tales he 'll tell when he
Will come back sailing over sea!

NORWAY

HAIL to the Northland, hail!
Whence came the wondrous tale
Of Siegfried and Baldur
Where lived the Valkyries,
Bearing o'er bloody seas
Heroes to live at ease,
Aye in Valhalla.

SCOTLAND

THERE 's a land of purple heather,
Where the bagpipes skirl together,
Where 't is always misty weather,
Land of Robbie Burns.

ENGLAND

A VISION of green fields and soft
thick trees,
With little pink-tipped daisies in the
grass
And over there the gray of castle walls.
The children bring the Maypole through
the glades,
These grave-eyed, happy children soon
to be
Their England's Bulwark, lovers of a
land
Of dignity and noble memories.

JAPAN

SWORD of iron in a sheath of velvet,
Land of many strange and curious
contrasts,
Unsurpassed in courtliness and culture,
Unsurpassed in warfare.

THE MARSEILLAISE

VISIONS of old France draw near
With the thrilling Marseillaise.

In that marching song we hear
The echo of those breathless days
When France, flushed with victory,
Led the world toward liberty.

DEATH

HIS coat and cap are hanging on the
wall,

But he will never need them any more.
He died three days ago. We buried him
Deep in the fresh, brown, sun-warmed
earth of May.

I do not cry or grieve, I only think
In mute surprise—"This thing is very
strange."

MONA LISA TO LEONARDO

O LEONARDO, though by Fate's decreeing,

The painting over, you must stay away,
Your soul comes here, the spirit of your
being,

I have you with me all the long, gray
day,

A phantom to the phantom life within.
At night I hear you speak. The words
you say

Are toneless echoes spiritual and thin,
I in my darkening room sit breathless
there

Tuned to your touching like a violin.
Your joys I know and all your world
of care.

I say I have the best of love's strange
case,
The best of you in this communion rare.
But oh, the aching for your arms'
embrace,
To have you near me and to see your
face!

A SUMMER DAY

HAPPY, hazy, summer day,
Lazily spent 'neath willow trees,
By the murmuring water-way
Lulled by the caressing breeze,
While the river on its way,
Sings an endless soothing lay
Gentle as the summer day.

Near, the cows come down to drink,
There the weary sheep dogs lie
While their sleepy charges blink
As the shining perch swim by.
Lying on the grassy brink,
List'ning to the bob-o-link,
Thoughts calm as clear skies I
think.

FROM HORACE'S ODES

ADVICE TO LICINIUS

LIVE a moderate life, Licinius,
Neither always out to sea
Pressing in thy eager passion,
Nor too closely hug the lee

Of the dangerous shore in storm time.
He who seeks the Golden Mean
Safe shall flee from want and squalor
Nor to envious riches lean.

Oftener the storm wind lashes
The strong pine-tree in its might,
Tallest towers fall in ruin
Greater for their former height,

Mountain tops are struck by lightning
Oftener than the valleys low,
Highest places catch the fury
Of the stormy winds that blow.

Well-prepared, the brave heart hopeth
In cruel Fortune's gathering frown,
When she smiles, he fears her changing,
Fears to lose his golden crown.

Change, yes change, for aye and ever,
As the winters come and go;
Harsh they are but soon are over—
Then the summer flowers blow.

Now thy fortune may be evil,
Thus it will not always be,
But the future coming, coming,
Hides the better things for thee.

Gentle touches on the cithern
Sometimes wake a silent Muse,
Oft Apollo lays his bow by
Nor does his good gifts refuse.

When the times are stern and saddening
In thy spirit do not quail,
And before propitious breezes
Shorten thy too swelling sail.

SONNET

OFT in uneasy sleep we turn and sigh,
Troubled by phantom shape or
ghostly fear,

Or in the dark by some dread Presence
near.

Then, like a child, whose little moaning
cry,

Whose face all flushed and pillows all
awry,

And on his cheek the staining of a tear
Show that he dreams, we lift our heads
to hear

The voice he too has longed for make
reply.

He played too hard all day and so have
we,

The sun has been so strong that in our
sleep

The turmoil and the heat we cannot flee.
But softly through the room's dark
silence deep

Her voice steals in its soothing accents
blest,

“All’s well, belovèd. I am here, so—
rest.”





0 015 930 695 1